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ADVERTISER *FARM AND HOME REPR*

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE *WHEELS SALES & SERVICE STATION*

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET *WLS*  
( *12400* TIME *7:00 PM* )

( *217-77-1400* DATE )

( *730SAT* DAY )

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: "Holla Yee's Forest Ranger"

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "RANGER SONG"

ANNOUNCER: The call to arms in 1917 drew men from all walks of life to follow the flag of our country. Thousands of our young men answered the call, some did not come back. On Memorial Day, the people throughout the United States honor the memory of their loved ones. On that day Forest Officers lower their station flags to half-staff to tribute to the Nation's dead — and they recall the faces of the boys they once knew around their forest camp fires.

At the Pine Cone Ranger Station, as we have in now, our friends have just returned from the Memorial Day exercises that were held in the little community of Winding Creek. Here they are ---

JERRY: Jim, have you noticed the beautiful sunset?

JIM: Yes, see, I believe like you. It's pretty — kind of — under my hide though, this evening.

JERRY: I suppose it does. I've been working it in like a spoon.

JIM: Oh. I reckon it's goodness or that Memorial Day program.

BOSS: It was a beautiful program, wasn't it, Jim?

JIM: Yes, it was, Boss.

BOSS: It was a little hard, though — a little difficult — that part of David all the time, you know —

JERRY: Yeah — your way — I know how you felt.



MARY: Mrs. Robbins, how can Mr. Robbins expect me to do my part in anything like that. It's hard enough for you folks on Memorial Day as it is.

JIM: Ess and I want to do our part for the community. Mary,

MARY: You certainly do do your part, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: I've been thinking of some of our other Forest Service boys today, too.

JERRY: You mean the ones that lost their lives in the World War?

JIM: Yes - those boys and other brave souls over the Great Divide too, Jerry. -- I'm going to ask you folks to come with us for another little ceremony all our own - just in the Forest Service family.

JERRY: Where? Don't you see you've planted that memorial grove of trees?

JIM: Yes. I'm going to plant another tree today, in memory of one of our boys.

ESS: I guess we're all ready, go on, Jim.

(INTERVAL- MUSIC)

MARY: You've planted all these trees for Forest Service men, haven't you, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Yes. It's a little white of mind - it's my way of keeping the memory green of some of the boys I knew and worked with.

MARY: It's a beautiful little grove.

ESS: It will be more and more beautiful as the trees grow larger, Mary.





BART: I know it will. Here - this tree was planted for Thomas E. Kagle - August 1st.

JIM: Yes. I wanted to do something like that for Tom Kagle. He was a pal of mine before the war. He came to the Forest Service in the spring of 1918, or in one of the National Forests in Colorado.

JERRY: Is that when you were there?

JIM: Yes, off and on for two years. He was Forest Assistant to the Supervisor, but he spent a lot of time on my district. He spent many an hour around the camp-fire, Jerry --

JERRY: That's a great place to get to know a fellow, all right.

JIM: Yes. Tom was just out of college - Iowa college back then - and he was as sharp as their axe Tom, but green as grass in the hills. -- He struck up a great friendship. Tom taught me a thing or two and I showed him how to ride and pack.

JERRY: Was he killed in the war?

JIM: He died with the flu in 1919 before he had a chance to cross the pond.

JERRY: That was tough, Jim.

DESS: Jim planted all these trees in 1918 for the Forest Service boys that died in the World War.

JIM: Yes. There were five hundred and seventy-eight Forest Service boys that went into the war. The Forest Service gave the leave of absence to answer the call, and they all made splendid records in whatever branch of the service they were in. -- Nineteen of them never came back.



MARY: And there are thousands of trees to plant here. Really, really.  
I think it's a beautiful thing to do.  
BOSS: There's a little marker for each tree, Mary.  
MARY: You, I know -- You know, Mr. Perkins, I -- I feel like  
I'm part of the Forest Service family -- in a way --  
BOSS: We feel like you are too, Mary.  
MARY: I'd like to -- I think it would be nice to have Mr. Perkins  
call the roll of the Forest Service his horses.  
TIM: All right, Mary.  
MARY: Sort of an extra little Memorial Day ceremony, just a little  
quietness.



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I am beautiful, strong



JERRY: Is this the place I want to plant this little tree in some  
 of one of our pots you used some last year -- Will you  
 help me, Jerry?

JERRY: Yes indeed. Let me show you that should I'll dig the hole  
 will plant it right here Jerry. It'll be just as the  
 little ones I've planted,

JERRY: All right.

(SOUND OF DIGGING)

JERRY: Is this all right, Jim?

JIM: Yes -- a nice, deep hole -- so the roots can spread out nicely.

(SOUND OF DIGGING)

JIM: There, Jerry. Now, I'll hold the tree -- will you plant it  
 carefully Jerry -- be very careful -- so the roots will be  
 comfortable from the time it's in the soil --

JERRY: (LOW VOICE) Look, the sun is just setting -- it's beautiful --

JIM: Yes, Jerry.





JLB: We place this track to the memory of William John Anderson -- Williams John Anderson was Asistant Supervisor of the Coronado National Forest, in Arizona -- One day last June he came to the office as usual. One in that busy office noticed that he was cleaning his beard having some unfinished business. He wrote up his work diary including this day. That evening he casually mentioned how he was going to the hospital next day for an operation. The folks in the office knew that he had been undergoing medical examinations lately but in the haste and bustle of these busy days he had stopped to find out how serious his illness was. It was a major operation, one from which many do not recover. He did not recover -- Looking back now we can wonder what thoughts passed through his mind as he made those last entries in the official diary that he had kept so faithfully for twenty-five years. Undoubtedly he knew the tremendous odds against him -- he knew this day or night might well be his last. Yet he worked on with the same cheerfulness and thoroughness and attention to detail that had been characteristic of his quarter century of service for forestry. He was faithful to the end --

Not in the smoke of battle, not in the great adventure of war did he die. Yet he died in line of duty. -- There are other ways, too, that we die in the service of their country and of their fellow men. --

William John Anderson, may this story we plant today help to keep your memory ever green ---

(FADEOUT - MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Our singer friend will be with us again next Friday at the same time. This program is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

12/5/70 PM  
C/ 1/58

